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TO THE READER.

Subscribers should cut this Number open cautiously, in order not to spoil the WAR MAP, which occupies four pages.

CAPTAIN DUPONT,

COMMANDING THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

We publish herewith a portrait of Captain S. F. Dupont, the naval commander of the Great Expedition which sailed from Fortress Monroe last week for parts unknown. Captain Dupont is a native of New Jersey, but was appointed from Delaware, of which State he is a citizen. He entered the navy in 1815, and has consequently served his country for over forty-six years. In 1859 Captain Dupont was appointed Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy-yard—a position that he has held until recently. The Commodore's staff-officers are—Fleet-Captain, C. H. Davis; Flag-Lieutenant, S. W. Preston. His ship is the *Wabash*, 50 guns. He has lately been promoted to the command of that division of our fleet which has charge of the coast from Hatteras Inlet to Florida.

CAPTAIN S. F. DUPONT, COMMANDING THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

[Photographed by Brady.]

THE FIGHT ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

We illustrate on this page an incident of the fight of 9th October on Santa Rosa Island—the Remarkable Escape of Major Newby, of the Sixth New York Volunteers. The whole affair is thus described:

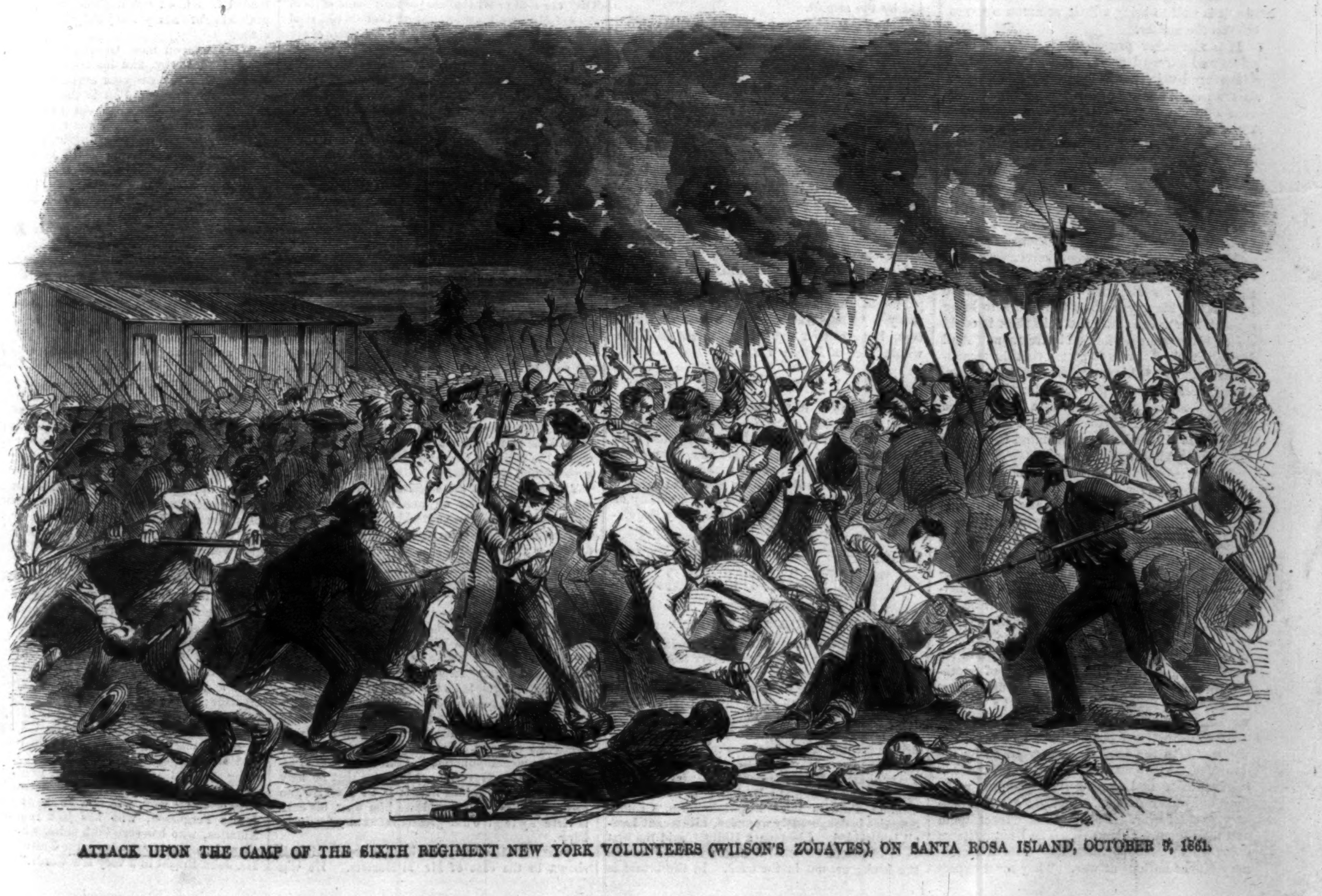
The fight occurred on the morning of October 9. The Zouave camp was situated on Santa Rosa Island, about one mile from Fort Pickens, and was so distributed as to command all the approaches to the fort, and also to protect the batteries. The rebel force, 1500 strong, embarked from the Pensacola Navy-yard in three large steamers, and landed on the island, about four miles above the camp, soon after 2 A.M. The night was very dark. The rebels rapidly formed in three columns, and proceeded silently toward the Zouave camp, hoping to effect a total surprise. In this they were but partially successful. The picket guard, stationed about 600 yards from the camp, discovered and fired upon them. This gave the alarm, and saved the regiment from annihilation. The attack of the enemy's columns was simultaneous, and volley after volley was aimed at the volunteers, who were forced to fall back, leaving their camp in the hands of the rebels, which they immediately commenced burning. Fort Pickens was by this time thoroughly aroused, and three companies of regulars went to the assistance of the Zouaves. It was now our turn—the rebels commenced retreating to their boats, closely followed by the regulars and a small number of volunteers, keeping up a destructive fire upon them, killing and wounding a large number. The rebels finally succeeded in reaching their boats, but were not permitted to depart so easily. Their steamers were about five hundred yards from the beach, and our men poured volley upon volley into the crowded mass. Every bullet told, and from the shouts and utter confusion of the enemy it was clearly evident that we had obtained ample satisfaction.

The regular soldiers behaved nobly, and great credit is due to Captains Robertson and Hildt, and Lieutenants Seely and Taylor, for the admirable coolness they displayed in manœuvring their respective commands. The volunteers were badly managed, and Colonel Wilson is very much censured for the inefficiency and want of skill displayed in the action. He did not arrive at the scene of action until all was over.

The camp of the Sixth Regiment was almost totally destroyed, officers and men losing every thing.

Major Newby had a narrow escape from capture. He was confined to his bed dangerously ill at the time of the attack, and having been assisted to dress by his servants, was on the point of leaving his quarters, when the rebels charged up to the door. One of his servants was instantly killed, and the other taken prisoner; the Major leveled his revolver and shot one of the rebels through the head, and then passing quickly out of the house, succeeded in mounting his horse, and rode safely through the storm of bullets showered upon him.

The Sixth Regiment lost ten killed, sixteen wounded, and nine prisoners. The regulars lost four killed, twenty wounded, and ten prisoners. The rebels lost, by their own statement, 350, killed, wounded, and missing. We took thirty-five prisoners, including three doctors, who were released.



ATTACK UPON THE CAMP OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (WILSON'S ZOUAVES), ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, OCTOBER 9, 1861.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

I'm wounded, Effie, and they say I never can get well;
'Twas in the thickest of the fight that I got hurt and fell.
It seems to me like ages, yet it's but a month to-day
Since you promised that you'd wait for me though I were years away.

Do you remember—oh! how well it all comes back to me!—
Our sitting in the bright moonlight, under the maple-tree;
When first I said I loved you, and then told you we must part,
For not e'en you could keep me, when my country had my heart?

But I knew you did not wish it, as, your little hand in mine,
You did not try to stay me by any word or sign;
But trying to keep back the tears, although a few would fall,
You bade me trust in God, your God, whatever might befall.

But all my bright ambitious hopes forever now are fled,
And the sunlight of to-morrow will fall upon me dead;
There'll be one soldier less to fight, one less on earth to love,
But there'll be another hand to strike the golden harps above.

I have a mother in the skies; I wonder if she'll know
The little baby that she left so many years ago.
But I'm weary, and I can not think: let this your comfort be,
Your love has been the brightest thing in all the world to me.
W.

GOSHEN, Oct. 21, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

WANTED—A LITTLE PLUCK.

MANY of the papers are abounding in outcries about the affair near Leesburg, just as, a few months ago, they were full of fury about the repulse at Big Bethel. They demand a victim for the one as for the other. Brigadier-General Pierce was immolated to appease popular fury in the one case: the question of the day is whether the blame of the more recent defeat must be laid upon General Baker, who is dead, or General Stone, who is living. It seems that somebody must be sacrificed on the altar.

Now it is not altogether best to attempt to correct the popular notion that whenever we fight we must win. The notion itself is absurd, of course; but it has the advantage of spurring our troops on to do their whole duty, and this is a decided gain.

At the same time, when attempts are made to asperse the reputation of living soldiers like General Stone, or dead heroes like General Baker, it is well to bring a little common sense to bear on the matter.

It is altogether preposterous—between ourselves and our readers—to expect that we shall win every battle that is fought in this war, or that we shall escape losing a large number of men even in the battles which we do win. There never was a war in which victory did not alternate, more or less, between the contending armies, and there never was a general, from Alexander and Napoleon downward, who did not occasionally lose battles. Invincible generals and invincible armies are only heard of in books of fairy tales. Nor is it rational to argue that, because we have twenty millions of people, and the rebels less than seven, therefore we must at once carry every thing before us. It takes time in war for disparity of numbers to make itself felt. Slavery enables the South to bring a much larger army into the field than it could do if its labor were performed by freemen. And lastly, it must never be forgotten that the treacherous leaders of this conspiracy had been maturing their plot and preparing for the contest several years before the idea of a fight entered the mind of loyal citizens. These considerations must always be borne in mind in reading the varying history of the war.

We are engaged in a great war: no mere twopenny campaign for ephemeral principles or temporary rights; but a great contest to decide whether republican liberty or negro slavery shall be the ruling institution on this continent. To either belligerent defeat will amount to ruin. The defeat of the United States will be the destruction of the republic and of all that we cherish most. The defeat of the South will be the ruin of the institution of slavery, which represents $2,000,000,000 of property, the destruction of which involves the annihilation and reconstruction of the entire frame-work of Southern society. With such a stake at issue, it must be expected that the contest will be fiercely waged on both sides.

If the Northern people intend to prosecute the war with the perseverance required by the nature of the conflict, they must get over the habit of whining and abusing their generals when they encounter defeats. Defeats are a necessary part of war. People must expect them and take them for granted. The United States enjoy no miraculous immunity from the ordinary fate of nations at war. They must expect to take as well as to bestow blows. The operation which resulted so disastrously at Leesburg was unfortunate, but not a blunder. Two careful reconnoissances developed no enemy. After they had been made, and our troops had landed, the enemy appeared in force and drove us across the Potomac. This was an ordinary casualty of war, and General M'Clellan shows his generalship by blaming no one. So at Lexington. It would have been impossible to reinforce Lexington without hazarding the safety of Cairo or St. Louis, and the enemy was allowed to win a barren victory, which he improved by retreating instantly to the borders of Arkansas. Bull Run itself—which has cast a shadow over the fame of one of the bravest, most chivalric, and most skillful soldiers in our army, Irwin M'Dowell—was an obvious necessity. Nothing but the event itself would have sufficed to convince the people that militia-men are not soldiers, and that time is needed to create armies.

Citizens of the United States, what our country needs of you now is pluck, a little pluck. It is not expected that you should emulate the citizens of Rome, who passed a vote of thanks to Varro, fresh from the overwhelming defeat of Cannæ, "for that he had not despaired of the republic;" but it is hoped that you will not allow two-penny reverses to dispirit you, or to turn your animosity against your own leaders. It is rational to expect that, in the course of the war, all our generals will meet with reverses. What is wanted of the people is that they should not lose heart on this account that they should not denounce a general because he has been beaten; that they should not heed the ignorant criticisms—after the fact—of babbling editors who have never seen a battle-field: but that, with a large faith in the righteousness of our cause, and the ultimate triumph of law, order, good government, and democracy over anarchy, rebellion, and negro slavery, they should cheerfully submit to the stripes which fate may lay upon them, and should feel as confident of the truth of their principles under defeat as in success. If the people will vouchsafe this, the army will do the rest.

OUR WAR MAP.

WE break through our usual habits in this number, and devote four pages to the publication of a large WAR MAP of the Southern States. Without intending to disparage any of the maps in existence, we think this will be found more reliable, and more useful to the student of the war, than any other we have seen. It covers the whole area involved in the conflict, from Northern Missouri to Texas, and from the boundary of Kansas and the Indian Reserve to the Atlantic shores. It is printed clearly and legibly, and great care has been taken to mark every river and road in the sections now occupied by the armies.

Such of our readers as wish to keep "posted" on the progress of the war will do well to paste or otherwise fasten this map on a large board against a wall. A series of pins, alternately black and white, should be inserted at the various points occupied by the National and the Rebel forces, and shifted as often as authentic accounts of movements are received. Care should be taken, however, not to confound newspaper rumors with authentic intelligence. The adoption of this simple expedient will render the otherwise confused accounts of the war in Missouri and Kentucky perfectly intelligible, and will shed a flood of light on the newspaper narratives of current events.

We may refer, in this connection, with a feeling of pride, to the large series of war maps published in this journal. They constitute already a valuable atlas—such a one as would cost, if purchased separately, more than the whole price of *Harper's Weekly*.

☞ MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have published the *Revised Regulations of the Army of the United States* in a handsome octavo volume, with good paper and good type. Just now, when every man is either a soldier, or the friend or relative of soldiers, this work should be a household volume. We need hardly add that it contains a variety of new rules not contained in the old Army Regulations.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW ENGLAND NEVER RUNS.

THROUGH the tears with which friends and lovers read the story of Edwards's Ferry they can still smile upon the steadfast bravery of the Massachusetts boys. In the front of a fearful fire, with no means of retreat, with every chance against them, those young men stood serene, each man a hero—each man showing the quality of which invincible armies are made. Colonel Lee refuses retreat and is made prisoner. Major Revere and Lieutenant Perry share his fate, Lieutenant Putnam falls mortally wounded, Captain Drebar falls by his side, Captain Putnam loses his right arm, Captain Schmidt is dangerously wounded, Lieutenant Lowell is disabled, Lieutenant Holmes, said the first brief dispatch, "wounded in the breast:" not in the back; no, not in the back. In the breast is Massachusetts wounded, if she is struck. Forward she falls, if she fall dead. Of twenty-two officers of the Massachusetts Twentieth who went into the battle nine only returned.

And all New England boys are the bright peers of the Massachusetts. Rhode Island at Bull Run stood fast and steady through the whole; retired, when the word came, to rest upon their arms, as they supposed, and then renew the battle. "But when the order came to retreat," said one of them, "we were confounded, cursed M'Dowell, and wanted him hung."

At Edwards's Ferry the Rhode Island battery was said to have been deserted by its men. They were not there, it was reported, and Baker came to serve a piece. No; they were not by the gun; they were under it. They were at their posts still—but the brave hearts should beat and the strong hand serve no more forever.

Not less ready, not less steady are the other sons of New England. From the pines of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire, the green hills of Vermont, and the soft valleys of the Connecticut, they have marched to the battle-field, and every rifle in their hands is loaded and rammed down with an idea. They are not machine-soldiers; they are men-soldiers. And on the field their hosts are swelled with brothers from California, from New York, from Michigan, from Indiana. They all stand there embattled, and of stuff so tried and true that the sea might as hopelessly dash against Gibraltar as rebellion against their ranks.

From the day at Edwards's Ferry, which to so many loving hearts will be forever a day of sacred sorrow, there is an inspiration and cheer which break joyfully upon every patriotic heart. Disaster, casualty, death, are inevitable. Brave hearts that weep, you know it well! But the heroism of your darlings plucks the sting from sorrow, and conquers disaster. They fall—but their fall prophesies. They die—but, though dead, they speak, they smile. It is they who are "last in the trenches." It is they who teach us that the same old heart that has won all the victories of history still beats. This time it is New England that points the truth. All are brave, thank God! New York and the West do not falter; California stands where Baker stood; the men of Pennsylvania bring arms of iron and nerves of steel. And the men of New England never run.

THE CITY ELECTION.

PATRIOTISM and the national peril may destroy parties, as they have destroyed them with us, but knaves of every degree will still survive. The political banditti who live upon the spoils of intrigue are more alert than ever at such a time as this, as pickpockets are busy at a fire; and at this very moment, when party lines are obliterated, and a dozen skeleton regiments of parties are in the field, each claiming to be the Simon pure, original, and unswerving National Union Party, the people of the city of New York are in danger of falling a prey to a worse municipal government than they have ever known.

As fast as the new combinations have been formed they have been quietly bagged by adroit and unscrupulous politicians. A few men control at this moment, and for their own peculiar advantage, the various political movements in the city. They are men of all the late parties; some of them shamefully notorious for conduct that should send them to prison as well as expel them from every decent home. They are men, many of them, without principle of any kind, who would rather make terms with traitors than with patriots, and who seek the control of the city government that they may plunder the citizens and enrich themselves under the forms of law.

If the ingenuous reader demands the names of these culprits, the reply is, that in politics much is known which it is difficult to prove. There are men whom nobody suspects of honesty against whom you might find it difficult to maintain even a charge of falsehood. There are men whom you refuse to speak to in the street, whose infamy you could not personally establish.

The game of city politics in New York is played for the spoils. And it will continue to be so until decent people go to primary meetings. The work is done there. The polls are a useless ceremony afterward. And, of course, when the body of the people is corrupt or indifferent, the popular system is a failure. And a failure it unquestionably is in the city of New York. The best thing that has happened to us for a very long time was the new police system. Heaven forbid that any man should suppose that system to be free from corruption, but it is, at least, a counter irritant. If the people who control the rest of the municipal organization controlled the police, a Vigilance Committee would be a question of time only.

The only safety at this election will be in scratching freely. Vote for no man of whom you are ignorant; and inform yourself, somehow, of the character, or at least the reputation, of every man for whom you do vote.

THAT OATH.

OF all the serious jokes of this war that oath of allegiance seems to be the chief. The bitter sarcasm of the soldier in Western Virginia, that the venomous snake should be sworn and let go, is certainly not an inapt expression of what is at least generally believed to be the value of the oath as a defense against treason. Clearly a man who thinks that the Government of this country may be justly overthrown, and that the Government is guilty of barbarous tyranny in maintaining its authority, will have no compunction in taking the oath of allegiance to the Government in order that he may more effectually injure it. It is, in his view, an oath under duress. To release him upon his oath is virtually to give him greater immunity for doing harm.

That this is a very obvious and just view is shown in the case of Mr. M'Masters. He was sent to Fort Lafayette upon suspicion of treason. After some weeks he is released upon taking the oath. But before he takes it he protests that he considers it superfluous, because he had already taken it when he became a citizen. Now he had respected the original oath, or he had not. If he had, it is evident that in his view it was consistent with what the Government calls treason. If he had not, then, of course, he would no more respect the second oath than the first. And how, if Mr. M'Masters was dangerous before his imprisonment, he is any the less so now it is impossible to see.

The question will then be asked, how is the Government ever to know whether a traitor is really converted or not?—what other test can there be than an oath? But the question is already answered; for if treason be held by any man consistent with honor, no word of his honor will preclude treason, provided, of course, that he can safely commit it. The only gain to the Government from the release of such a prisoner is, that he will naturally be more carefully watched. Suppose that Mr. Street Commissioner Smith had been arrested, as he ought to have been, would the Government have been any securer from his efforts if he had taken the oath of allegiance? And is there any doubt that he would willingly have taken it? Probably he would have considered what the Government calls treason consistent with that oath, and if he had seen a chance of striking a blow for the rebellion, he would unquestionably have dealt as savage a blow as he could.

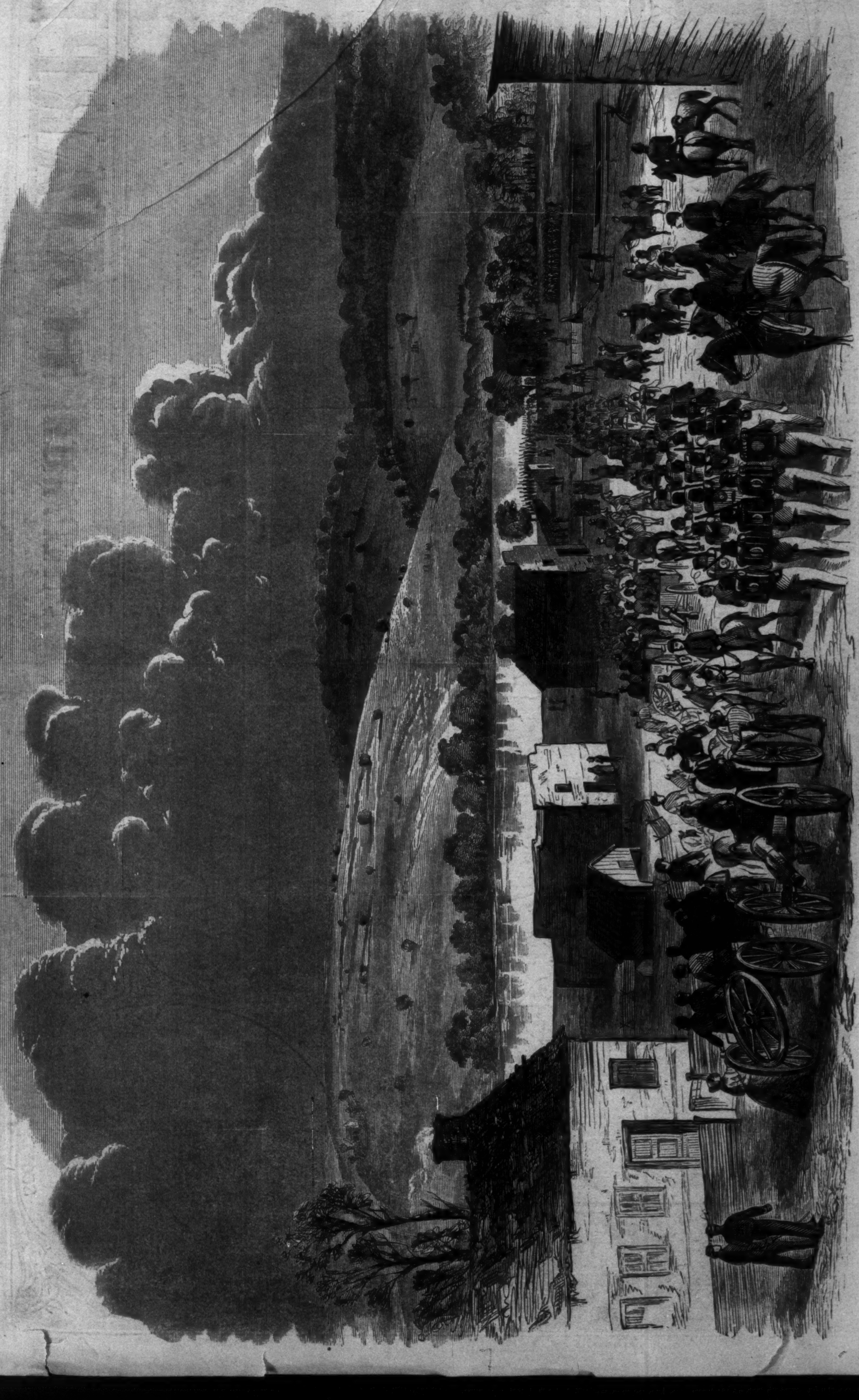
In all such cases, if the Government chooses to release the prisoner let him be released. But why perform the solemn farce of administering an oath which he says he has already taken and observed?

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON.

THIS Scotch gentleman, who sits for Ayr, we believe, in the British Parliament, has just gone home. His report of our affairs will doubtless be most unfavorable. He intended when he came that it should be so. For he came a Tory of the Tories, a man who hates our republican system as heartily as he does polygamy. Such a man could not but see with jaundiced eyes. It may be truly said that it was impossible he should either understand our situation justly or interpret events fairly. He came persuaded, and he returns convinced. He came, sure that a republic could not succeed; he returns, confident that ours is a failure. He came a Tory, and he goes a Tory.

Doubtless his public criticism of our affairs will return to us. Like a true Tory, he will make the most capital for Toryism out of our troubles that he can. For we must not forget that our condition is matter of party, as well as national interest, in England. The Tories who hold that government is properly a hereditary interest, and that only rich people should govern—for the Tory theory inevitably comes to that in practice—and govern under certain social forms, are battling as usual with the intelligent middle class or people of England. Mr. John Bright, who is the present representative of that class, early in our struggle showed that he understood it. He is the representative also of the cotton-spinning interest, but the cotton neither blinded his eyes nor smothered his conscience. Mr. John Bright believes in the ballot and an extended franchise; and in days gone by he has appealed to our example to justify the wisdom of his claim.

What weapon more trenchant could the Tory chief, Lord Derby, and his friends find than our civil war? "*This* is your argument, is it?" they shriek in chorus. "*This* is the awful gulf into which you would plunge our beloved Britain! *This* is the unveiled horror and sum total of your radicalism! Wicked John Bright, you would extend the franchise, and put the hand of brother against brother, must you! You must vote by the secret ballot instead of our honest old British way of holding up hands or crying aloud, and so sweep away the last lingering landmarks of the British Constitution, must you! Dear people of England, over whom a gracious Providence has set us and our friends, the American republic has dropped to pieces. A frightful, fratricidal, wicked war is waged there. Can any of you tell us why Mr. Jefferson Davis should not be President of the South as well as Mr. Abraham Lincoln of the North? No, Englishmen, legitimate heirs of roast beef and plum-pudding; no, sons of Britannia which will ever rule the waves; no, frog-hating Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves, you can not tell us why: not a man of you has the least idea why! And there is no reason why. Mr. Davis has as good a right to be President as Mr. Lincoln. Under a system of extended franchise and the secret ballot every body has an equal right to every thing, the foundations of civil society are broken up, and nothing is possible but a short, staggering peace, and a long, sanguinary war. This is what John Bright wants. He calls himself your friend; but we are your friends. We give you greased poles to climb, and bags to run races in, and collars to grin through. Huzzay for the sports of merrie old England! We offer you a foaming tankard when our eldest sons—the natural and hereditary legislators—come of age, and John Bright offers you a vote. Faugh! He offers you a civil war and starvation and bloodshed. Don't you see it? Well then, here is Sir Bulwer Lytton, who will inform you that it was inevitable; that such a great power must necessarily crack and crumble; and every honest Briton ought to be glad to see the wreck of a rival of old Britannia on the waves. Because if the Republic did not go to pieces she might fairly leave us in the lurch. And that she has gone to pieces, and that we had nothing more to fear from her rivalry in peace or war, and that we shall travel the same road if John Bright has his way, will now be shown you by Sir James Fergusson, who has just returned from America, who has seen both sides, who knows all about it, and who will finish the United States and Mr. John Bright in a very few words."



OUR ARMY AT EDWARDS'S FERRY, ON THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE LEESBURG.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH, VIRGINIA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I walked on slowly and with the downcast head of a man absorbed in meditation. I had gained the broad place in which the main streets of the town converged, when I was overtaken by a violent storm of rain. I sought shelter under the dark arch-way of that entrance to the district of Abbey Hill which was still called Monkgate. The shadow within the arch was so deep that I was not aware that I had a companion till I heard my own name, close at my side. I recognized the voice before I could distinguish the form of Sir Philip Derval.

"The storm will soon be over," said he, quietly. "I saw it coming on in time. I fear you neglected the first warning of those sable clouds, and must be already drenched."

I made no reply, but moved involuntarily away toward the mouth of the arch.

"I see that you cherish a grudge against me!" resumed Sir Philip. "Are you, then, by nature vindictive?"

Somewhat softened by the friendly tone of this reproach, I answered, half in jest, half in earnest,

"You must own, Sir Philip, that I have some little reason for the uncharitable anger your question imputes to me. But I can forgive you on one condition."

"What is that?"

"The possession, for half an hour, of that mysterious steel casket which you carry about with you, and full permission to analyze and test its contents."

"Your analysis of the contents," returned Sir Philip, dryly, "would leave you as ignorant as before of the uses to which they can be applied. But I will own to you frankly, that it is my intention to select some confidant among men of science, to whom I may safely communicate the wonderful properties which certain essences in that casket possess. I invite your acquaintance, nay, your friendship, in the hope that I may find such a confidant in you. But the casket contains other combinations, which, if wasted, could not be re-supplied; at least, by any process which the great Master from whom I received them placed within reach of my knowledge. In this they resemble the diamond; when the chemist has found that the diamond affords no other substance by its combustion than pure carbonic acid gas, and that the only chemical difference between the costliest diamond and a lump of pure charcoal is a proportion of hydrogen, less than $\frac{1}{50000}$ part of the weight of the substance—can the chemist make you a diamond?

"These, then, the more potent, but also the more perilous of the casket's contents, shall be explored by no science, submitted to no test. They are the keys to masked doors in the ramparts of Nature, which no mortal can pass through without rousing dread sentries never seen upon this side her wall. The powers they confer are secrets locked in my breast, to be lost in my grave; as the casket which lies on my breast shall not be transferred to the hands of another till all the rest of my earthly possessions pass away with my last breath in life, and my first in eternity."

"Sir Philip Derval," said I, struggling against the appeals to fancy or to awe, made in words so strange, uttered in a tone of earnest conviction, and heard amidst the glare of the lightning, the howl of the winds, and the roll of the thunder—"Sir Philip Derval, you accost me in language which, but for my experience of the powers at your command, I should hear with the contempt that is due to the vaunts of a mountebank, or the pity we give to the morbid beliefs of his dupe. As it is, I decline the confidence with which you would favor me, subject to the conditions which it seems you would impose. My profession abandons to quacks all drugs which may not be analyzed; all secrets which may not be fearlessly told. I can not visit you at Derval Court. I can not trust myself, voluntarily, again in the power of a man who has arts of which I may not examine the nature, by which he can impose on my imagination and steal away my reason."

"Reflect well before you so decide," said Sir Philip, with a solemnity that was stern. "If you refuse to be warned and to be armed by me, your reason and your imagination will alike be subjected to influences which I can only explain by telling you that there is truth in those immemorial legends which depose to the existence of magic."

"Magic!"

"There is magic of two kinds—the dark and evil, appertaining to witchcraft or necromancy; the pure and beneficent, which is but philosophy, applied to certain mysteries in Nature remote from the beaten tracks of science, but which deepened the wisdom of ancient sages, and can yet unriddle the myths of departed races."

"Sir Philip," I said, with impatient and angry interruption, "if you think that a jargon of this kind be worthy a man of your acquirements and station, it is at least a waste of time to address it to me. I am led to conclude that you desire to make use of me for some purpose which I have a right to suppose honest and upright, because all you know of me is, that I rendered to your relation services which can not lower my character in your eyes. If your object be, as you have intimated, to aid you in exposing and disabling a man whose antecedents have been those of guilt, and who threatens with danger the society which receives him, you must give me proofs that are not reducible to magic; and you must prepossess me against the person you accuse, not by powders and fumes that disorder the brain, but by substantial statements, such as justify one man in condemning another. And since you have thought fit to convince me that there are chemical means at your disposal by which the imagination can be so affected as to accept, temporarily, illusions for realities, so I again demand, and now still more decidedly than before, that while you address yourself to my reason, whether to explain your object, or to vindicate your charges against a man whom I have admitted to my acquaintance, you will divest yourself of all means and agencies to warp my judgment, so illicit and fraudulent as those which you own yourself to possess. Let the casket, with all its contents, be transferred to my hands, and pledge me your word that, in giving that casket, you reserve to yourself no other means by which chemistry can be abused to those influences over physical organization which ignorance or imposture may ascribe to—magic."

"I accept no conditions for my confidence, though I think the better of you for attempting to make them. If I live, you will seek me yourself, and implore my aid. Meanwhile, listen to me, and—"

"No; I prefer the rain and the thunder to the whispers that steal to my ear in the dark from one of whom I have reason to beware."

So saying, I stepped forth, and at that moment the lightning flashed through the arch and brought into full view the face of the man beside me. Seen by that glare, it was pale as the face of a corpse, but its expression was compassionate and serene.

I hesitated, for the expression of that hueless countenance touched me; it was not the face which inspires distrust or fear.

"Come," said I, gently; "grant my demand. The casket—"

"It is no scruple of distrust that now makes that demand; it is a curiosity which in itself is a fearful tempter. Did you now possess what at this moment you desire, how bitterly you would repent!"

"Do you still refuse my demand?"

"I refuse."

"If then you really need me, it is you who will repent."

I passed from the arch into the open space. The rain had paused, the thunder was more distant. I looked back when I had gained the opposite side of the way, at the angle of a street which led to my own house. As I did so, again the skies lightened, but the flash was comparatively slight and evanescent; it did not penetrate the gloom of the arch; it did not bring the form of Sir Philip into view; but just under the base of the outer buttress to the gate-way I descried the outline of a dark figure, cowering down, huddled up for shelter, the outline so indistinct and so soon lost to sight, as the flash faded, that I could not distinguish if it were man or brute. If it were some chance passer-by, who had sought refuge from the rain, and overheard any part of our strange talk, "the listener," thought I, with a half smile, "must have been mightily perplexed."

CHAPTER XXXV.

On reaching my own home I found my servant sitting up for me, with the information that my attendance was immediately required. The little boy whom Margrave's carelessness had so injured, and for whose injury he had shown so little feeling, had been weakened by the confinement which the nature of the injury required, and for the last few days had been generally ailing. The father had come to my house a few minutes before I reached it, in great distress of mind, saying that his child had been seized with fever, and had become delirious. Hearing that I was at the mayor's house, he had hurried thither in search of me.

I felt as if it were almost a relief to the troubled and haunting thoughts which tormented me to be summoned to the exercise of a familiar knowledge. I hastened to the bedside of the little sufferer, and soon forgot all else in the anxious struggle for a human life. The struggle promised to be successful; the worst symptoms began to yield to remedies prompt and energetic, if simple. I remained at the house, rather to comfort and support the parents than because my continued attendance was absolutely needed, till the night was well-nigh gone, and, all cause of immediate danger having subsided, I then found myself once more in the streets. An atmosphere palely clear in the gray of dawn had succeeded to the thunder-clouds of the stormy night; the street-lamps, here and there, burned wan and still. I was walking slowly and wearily, so tired out that I was scarcely conscious of my own thoughts, when, in a narrow lane, my feet stopped almost mechanically before a human form stretched at full length in the centre of the road, right in my path. The form was dark in the shadow thrown from the neighboring houses. "Some poor drunkard," thought I, and the humanity inseparable from my calling not allowing me to leave a fellow-creature thus exposed to the risk of being run over by the first drowsy wagoner who might pass along the thoroughfare, I stooped to rouse and to lift the form. What was my horror when my eyes met the rigid stare of a dead man's! I started, looked again; it was the face of Sir Philip Derval! He was lying on his back, the countenance upturned, a dark stream oozing from the breast—murdered, by two ghastly wounds—murdered not long since; the blood was still warm. Stunned and terror-stricken, I stood bending over the body. Suddenly I was touched on the shoulder.

"Hollo! what is this?" said a gruff voice.

"Murder!" I answered, in hollow accents, which sounded strangely to my own ear.

"Murder! so it seems." And the policeman who had thus accosted me lifted the body.

"A gentleman, by his dress. How did this happen? How did you come here?" and the policeman glanced suspiciously at me.

At this moment, however, there came up another policeman, in whom I recognized the young man whose sister I had attended and cured.

"Dr. Fenwick," said the last, lifting his hat respectfully, and at the sound of my name his fellow-policeman changed his manner, and muttered an apology.

I now collected myself sufficiently to state the name and rank of the murdered man. The policemen bore the body to their station, to which I accompanied them. I then returned to my own house, and had scarcely sunk on my bed when sleep came over me. But what a sleep! Never till then had I known how awfully distinct dreams can be. The phantasmagoria of the naturalist's collection revived. Life again awoke in the serpent and the tiger, the scorpion moved, and the vulture flapped its wings. And there was Margrave and there Sir Philip; but their position of power was reversed. And Margrave's foot was on the breast of the dead man. Still I slept on till I was roused by the summons to attend on Mr. Vigors, the magistrate, to whom the police had reported the murder.

I dressed hastily and went forth. As I passed through the street I found that the dismal news had already spread. I was accosted on my way to the magistrate by a hundred eager, tremulous, inquiring tongues.

The scanty evidence I could impart was soon given. My introduction to Sir Philip at the mayor's house, our accidental meeting under the arch, my discovery of the corpse some hours afterward on my return from my patient, my professional belief that the deed must have been done a very short time, perhaps but a few minutes before I had chanced upon its victim. But in that case how account for the long interval that had elapsed between the time in which I had left Sir Philip under the arch, and the time in which the murder must have been committed? Sir Philip could not have been wandering through the streets all those hours. This doubt, however, was easily and speedily cleared up. A Mr. Jeeves, who was one of the principal solicitors in the town, stated that he had acted as Sir Philip's legal agent and adviser ever since Sir Philip came of age, and was charged with the exclusive management of some valuable house property which the deceased had possessed in L——; that when Sir Philip had arrived in the town late in the afternoon of the previous day he had sent for Mr. Jeeves; informed him that he, Sir Philip, was engaged to be married; that he desired to have full and minute information as to the details of his house property (which had greatly increased in value since his absence from England), in connection with the settlements his marriage would render necessary; and that this information was also required by him in respect to a codicil he desired to add to his will.

He had accordingly requested Mr. Jeeves to have all the books and statements concerning the property ready for his inspection that night, when he would call, after leaving the ball which he had promised the mayor, whom he had accidentally met on entering the town, to attend. Sir Philip had also asked Mr. Jeeves to detain one of his clerks in his office, in order to serve conjointly with Mr. Jeeves as a witness to the codicil he desired to add to his will. Sir Philip had accordingly come to Mr. Jeeves's house a little before midnight; had gone carefully through all the statements prepared for him, and had executed the fresh codicil to his testament, which testament he had in their previous interview given to Mr. Jeeves's care, sealed up. Mr. Jeeves stated that Sir Philip, though a man of remarkable talents and great acquirements, was extremely eccentric, and of a very peremptory temper, and that the importance attached to a promptitude for which there seemed no pressing occasion, did not surprise him in Sir Philip as it might have done in an ordinary client. Sir Philip said, indeed, that he should devote the next morning to the draft for his wedding settlements, according to the information of his property which he had acquired; and after a visit of very brief duration to Derval Court, should quit the neighborhood and return to Paris, where his intended bride then was, and in which city it had been settled that the marriage ceremony should take place.

Mr. Jeeves had, however, observed to him that if he were so soon to be married it was better to postpone any revision of testamentary bequests, since after marriage he would have to make a new will altogether.

And Sir Philip had simply answered,

"Life is uncertain; who can be sure of the morrow?"

Sir Philip's visit to Mr. Jeeves's house had lasted some hours, for the conversation between them had branched off from actual business to various topics. Mr. Jeeves had not noticed the hour when Sir Philip went; he could only say that as he attended him to the street door, he observed, rather to his own surprise, that it was close upon daybreak.

Sir Philip's body had been found not many yards distant from the hotel at which he had put up, and to which, therefore, he was evidently returning when he left Mr. Jeeves—an old-fashioned hotel, which had been the principal one at L—— when Sir Philip left England, though now outrivaled by the new and more central establishment in which Margrave was domiciled.

The primary and natural supposition was, that Sir Philip had been murdered for the sake of plunder; and this supposition was borne out by the fact to which his valet deposed: viz.,

That Sir Philip had about his person, on going to the mayor's house, a purse containing notes and sovereigns; and this purse was now missing.

The valet, who, though an Albanian, spoke English fluently, said that the purse had a gold clasp, on which Sir Philip's crest and initials were engraved. Sir Philip's watch was, however, untaken.

And now it was not without a quick beat of the heart that I heard the valet declare that a steel casket to which Sir Philip attached extraordinary value, and always carried about with him, was also missing.

The Albanian described this casket as of ancient Byzantian workmanship, opening with a peculiar spring, only known to Sir Philip, in whose possession it had been, so far as the servant knew, about three years; when, after a visit to Aleppo, in which the servant had not accompanied him, he had first observed it in his master's hands. He was asked if this casket contained articles to account for the value Sir Philip set on it—such as jewels, bank-notes, letters of credit, etc. The man replied that it might possibly do so; he had never been allowed the opportunity of examining its contents; but that he was certain the casket held medicines, for he had seen Sir Philip take from it some small vials, by which he had performed great cures in the East, and especially during a pestilence which had visited Damascus, just after Sir Philip had arrived at that city on quitting Aleppo. Almost every European traveler is supposed to be a physician; and Sir Philip was a man of great benevolence, and the servant firmly believed him also to be of great medical skill. After this statement, it was very naturally and generally conjectured that Sir Philip was an amateur disciple of homeopathy, and that the casket contained the vials or globules in use among homeopathists.

Whether or not Mr. Vigors enjoyed a vindictive triumph in making me feel the weight of his authority, or whether his temper was ruffled in the excitement of so grave a case, I can not say, but his manner was stern and his tone discourteous in the questions which he addressed to me. Nor did the questions themselves seem very pertinent to the object of investigation.

"Pray, Dr. Fenwick," said he, knitting his brows, and fixing his eyes on me rudely, "did Sir Philip Derval, in his conversation with you, mention the steel casket which it seems he carried about with him?"

I felt my countenance change slightly as I answered, "Yes."

"Did he tell you what it contained?"

"He said it contained secrets."

"Secrets of what nature, medicinal or chemical? Secrets which a physician might be curious to learn and covetous to possess?"

This question seemed to me so offensively significant that it roused my indignation, and I answered, haughtily, that "a physician of any degree of merited reputation did not much believe in, and still less covet, those secrets in his art which were the boast of quacks and pretenders."

"My question need not offend you, Dr. Fenwick. I put it in another shape. Did Sir Philip Derval so boast of the secrets contained in his casket that a quack or pretender might deem such secrets of use to him?"

"Possibly he might, if he believed in such a boast."

"Humph—he might if he so believed. I have no more questions to put to you at present, Dr. Fenwick."

Little of any importance in connection with the deceased or his murder transpired in the course of that day's examination and inquiries.

The next day a gentleman distantly related to the young lady to whom Sir Philip was engaged, and who had been for some time in correspondence with the deceased, arrived at L——. He had been sent for at the suggestion of the Albanian servant, who said that Sir Philip had staid a day at this gentleman's house in London on his way to L—— from Dover.

The new-comer, whose name was Danvers, gave a more touching pathos to the horror which the murder had excited. It seemed that the motives which had swayed Sir Philip in the choice of his betrothed were singularly pure and noble. The young lady's father—an intimate college friend—had been visited by a sudden reverse of fortune, which had brought on a fever that proved mortal. He had died some years ago, leaving his only child penniless, and had bequeathed her to the care and guardianship of Sir Philip.

The orphan received her education at a convent near Paris; and when Sir Philip, a few weeks since, arrived in that city from the East, he offered her his hand and fortune. "I know," said Mr. Danvers, "from the conversation I held with him when he came to me in London, that he was induced to this offer by the conscientious desire to discharge the trust consigned to him by his old friend. Sir Philip was still too young to take under his own roof a female ward of eighteen without injury to her good name. He could only get over that difficulty by making the ward his wife. 'She will be safer and happier with the man she will love and honor for her father's sake,' said the chivalrous gentleman, 'than she will be under any other roof I could find for her.'"

And now there arrived another stranger to L——, sent for by Mr. Jeeves, the lawyer—a stranger to L——, but not to me—my old Edinburgh acquaintance, Richard Strahan.

The will in Mr. Jeeves's keeping, with its recent codicil, was opened and read. The will itself bore date about six years anterior to the testator's tragic death: it was very short, and,

[Continued on page 714.]

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO GENERAL VIELE'S BRIGADE PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE ON THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO GENERAL VIELE'S BRIGADE.

WE illustrate on this page the Presentation of a Stand of Colors to each of the Regiments of General Viele's Brigade of New York Troops, which took place on 18th October at Annapolis, prior to their departure on the great Southern Expedition. A letter in the *Herald* thus described the scene:

A grand ceremony took place here yesterday in the presentation of a regimental standard to each of the five regiments, comprising General Egbert L. Viele's brigade. The banners, which were national regimental standards, were the united gifts of Mrs. Brigadier-General Viele and the Union Defense Committee of the city of New York. They are made of the heaviest Canton silk, on staffs superbly mounted and inscribed. The entire brigade, consisting of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, Eighth Maine, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth New York regiments, each drawn up in columns by division, closed *en masse* on the College green, comprising sixty or seventy acres of ground. The weather was beautiful. The sun shone forth with full effulgence. The citizens of Annapolis, their wives and daughters, old and young, grave and gay, all appeared near the scene of the ceremonies, gayly dressed in holiday attire. There could not have been less than fifteen hundred spectators present.

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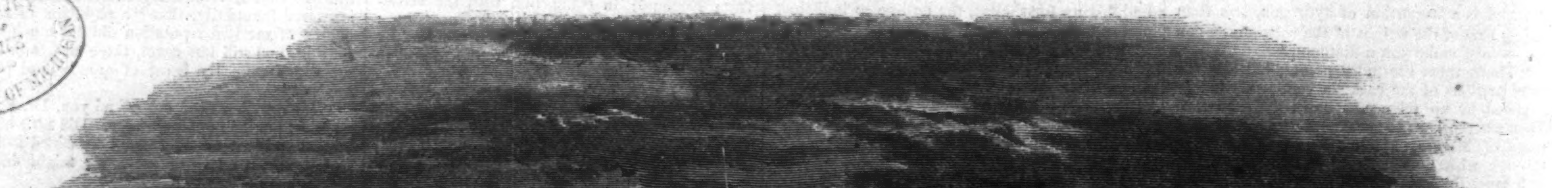
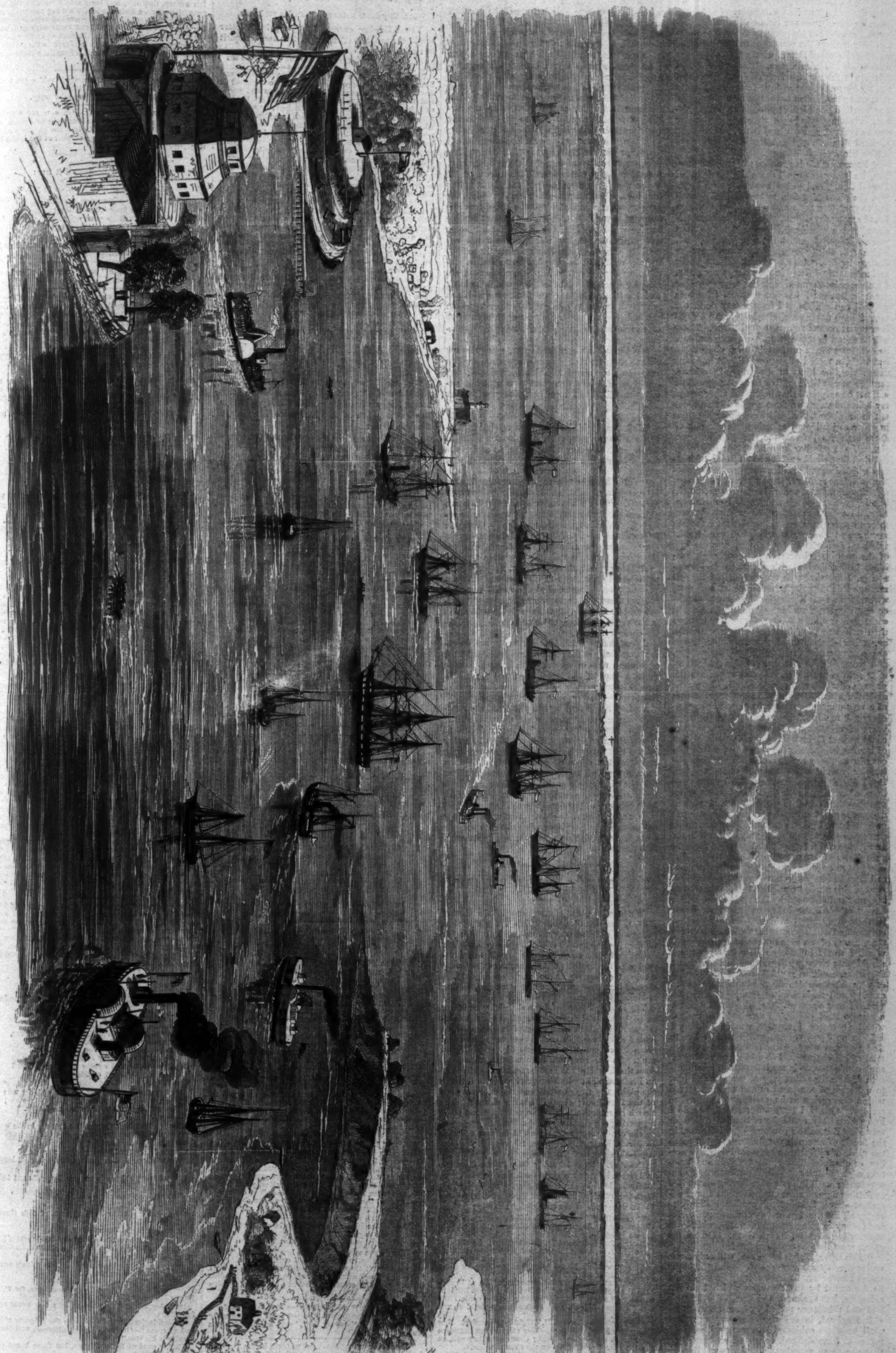


A PORTION OF THE NAVAL EXPEDITION, AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 16, SAILING TO HAMPTON ROADS.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD.—[SEE PAGE 714.]



THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION PREPARING FOR DEPARTURE FROM ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—Sketched by Mr. Thomas A. Makibbin.—[See Page 714.]

[Continued from page 711.]

with the exception of a few legacies, of which the most important was ten thousand pounds to his ward, the wh[illegible] of his property was left to Richard Strahan, on the condition that he took the name and arms of Derval within a year from the date of Sir Philip's decease. The codicil, added to the will the night before his death, increased the legacy to the young lady from ten to thirty thousand pounds, and bequeathed an annuity of one hundred pounds a year to his Albanian servant. Accompanying the will, and within the same envelope, was a sealed letter, addressed to Richard Strahan, and dated at Paris two weeks before Sir Philip's decease. Strahan brought that letter to me. It ran thus: "Richard Strahan, I advise you to pull down the house called Derval Court, and to build another on a better site, the plans of which, to be modified according to your own taste and requirements, will be found among my papers. This is a recommendation, not a command. But I strictly enjoin you entirely to demolish the more ancient part, which was chiefly occupied by myself, and to destroy by fire, without perusal, all the books and manuscripts found in the safes in my study. I have appointed you my sole executor as well as my heir, because I have no personal friends in whom I can confide as I trust I may do in the man I have never seen, simply because he will bear my name and represent my lineage. There will be found in my writing-desk, which always accompanies me in my travels, an autobiographical work, a record of my own life, comprising discoveries, or hints at discovery, in science, through means little cultivated in our age. You will not be surprised that before selecting you as my heir and executor, from a crowd of relations not more distant, I should have made inquiries in order to justify my selection. The result of those inquiries informs me that you have not yourself the peculiar knowledge nor the habits of mind that could enable you to judge of matters which demand the attainments and the practice of science; but that you are of an honest, affectionate nature, and will regard as sacred the last injunctions of a benefactor. I enjoin you, then, to submit the aforesaid manuscript memoir to some man on whose character for humanity and honor you can place confidential reliance, and who is accustomed to the study of the positive sciences, more especially chemistry, in connection with electricity and magnetism. My desire is that he shall edit and arrange this memoir for publication; and that, wherever he feels a conscientious doubt whether any discovery, or hint of discovery, therein contained would not prove more dangerous than useful to mankind, he shall consult with any other three men of science whose names are a guarantee for probity and knowledge, and according to the best of his judgment, after such consultation, suppress or publish the passage of which he has so doubted. I own the ambition which first directed me toward studies of a very unusual character, and which has encouraged me in their pursuit through many years of voluntary exile, in lands where they could be best facilitated or aided—the ambition of leaving behind me the renown of a bold discoverer in those recesses of nature which philosophy has hitherto abandoned to superstition. But I feel, at the moment in which I trace these lines, a fear lest, in the absorbing interest of researches which tend to increase to a marvelous degree the power of man over all matter, animate or inanimate, I may have blunted my own moral perceptions; and that there may be much in the knowledge which I sought and acquired from the pure desire of investigating hidden truths, that could be more abused to purposes of tremendous evil than be likely to conduce to benignant good. And of this a mind disciplined to severe reasoning, and uninfluenced by the enthusiasm which has probably obscured my own judgment, should be the unprejudiced arbiter. Much as I have coveted and still do covet that fame which makes the memory of one man the common inheritance of all, I would infinitely rather that my name should pass away with my breath, than that I should transmit to my fellow-men any portion of a knowledge which the good might forbear to exercise and the bad might unscrupulously pervert. I bear about with me, wherever I wander, a certain steel casket. I received this casket, with its contents, from a man whose memory I hold in profound veneration. Should I live to find a person whom, after minute and intimate trial of his character, I should deem worthy of such confidence, it is my intention to communicate to him the secret how to prepare and how to use such of the powders and essences stored within that casket as I myself have ventured to employ. Others I have never tested, nor do I know how they could be resupplied if lost or wasted. But as the contents of this casket, in the hands of any one not duly instructed as to the mode of applying them, would either be useless, or conduce, through inadvertent and ignorant misapplication, to the most dangerous consequences; so, if I die without having found, and in writing named, such a confidant as I have described above, I command you immediately to empty all the powders and essences found therein into any running stream of water, which will at once harmlessly dissolve them. On no account must they be cast into fire!

"This letter, Richard Strahan, will only come under your eyes in case the plans and the hopes which I have formed for my earthly future should be frustrated by the death on which I do not calculate, but against the chances of which this will and this letter provide. I am about to revisit England, in defiance of a warning that I shall be there subjected to some peril which I refuse to have defined, because I am unwilling that any mean apprehension of personal danger should enfeeble my nerves in the discharge of a stern and solemn duty. If I overcome that peril, you will not be my heir; my testament will be remodeled; this letter will be recalled and destroyed. I shall form ties which promise me the happiness I have never hitherto found, though it is common to all men—the affections of home, the caresses of children, among whom I may find one to whom hereafter I may bequeath, in my knowledge, a far nobler heritage than my lands. In that case, however, my first care would be to assure your own fortunes. And the sum which this codicil assures to my betrothed would be transferred to yourself on my wedding-day. Do you know why, never having seen you, I thus select you for preference to all my other kindred? Why my heart, in writing thus, warms to your image? Richard Strahan, your only sister, many years older than yourself—you were then a child—was the object of my first love. We were to have been wedded, for her parents deceived me into the belief that she returned my affection. With a rare and noble candor she herself informed me that her heart was given to another who possessed not my worldly gifts of wealth and station. In resigning my claims to her hand, I succeeded in propitiating her parents to her own choice. I obtained for her husband the living which he held, and I settled on your sister the dower which at her death passed to you as the brother to whom she had shown a mother's love, and the interest of which has secured you a modest independence.

"If these lines ever reach you, recognize my title to reverential obedience to commands which may seem to you wild, perhaps irrational; and repay, as if a debt due from your own lost sister, the affection I have borne to you for her sake."

While I read this long and strange letter Strahan sat by my side, covering his face with his hands, and weeping with honest tears for the man whose death had made him powerful and rich.

"You will undertake the trust ordained to me in this letter," said he, struggling to compose himself. "You will read and edit this memoir; you are the very man he himself would have selected. Of your honor and humanity there can be no doubt, and you have studied with success the sciences which he specifies as requisite for the discharge of the task he commands."

At this request, though I could not be wholly unprepared for it, my first impulse was that of a vague terror. It seemed to me as if I were becoming more and more entangled in a mysterious and fatal web. But this impulse soon faded in the eager yearnings of an ardent and irresistible curiosity.

I promised to read the manuscript, and in order that I might fully imbue my mind with the object and wish of the deceased, I asked leave to make a copy of the letter I had just read. To this Strahan readily assented, and that copy I have transcribed in the preceding pages.

I asked Strahan if he had yet found the manuscript; he said, "No, he had not yet had the heart to inspect the papers left by the deceased. He would now do so. He should go in a day or two to Derval Court, and reside there till the murderer was discovered, as, doubtless, he soon must be through the vigilance of the police. Not till that discovery was made should Sir Philip's remains, though already placed in their coffin, be consigned to the family vault."

Strahan seemed to have some superstitious notion that the murderer might be more secure from justice if his victim were thrust, unavenged, into the tomb.

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

WE continue our illustrations of the GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION. On page 712 we give a picture of the PRESENTATION OF COLORS to the regiments of General Viele's Brigade before their departure from Annapolis. On page 713 an illustration of the FLEET AT ANNAPOLIS as they were leaving for Fortress Monroe; and on page 712 a view of PART OF THE SQUADRON at Sea, sailing to Hampton Roads.

The latter picture is from a sketch by an officer on board one of the gun-boats. It depicts the vessels as they sailed on the night of 16th October, *en route* for Fortress Monroe. These vessels steamed down New York Bay in single file, according to rank. In the evening, in obedience to signals from the flag-ship, the fleet formed in the shape of an inverted V, in which order they sailed through the night, the two gun-boats at the extreme ends of the lines being about five miles distant. The sketch represents the squadron as it appeared when answering the signals from the *Wabash*.

The other picture on page 713 is from a sketch by Mr. Thomas A. Makibbin, taken from Annapolis, looking out of the Severn River into Chesapeake Bay. Kent Island is seen in the distance, and on the left bank of the river the Severn Heights, lately fortified by General Butler. The following, from the Washington *Star* of 21st October, relates to the departure of the expedition:

The expedition from Annapolis sailed yesterday. Among the troops composing the portion of it that embarked there are the following, viz.:

First Brigade—General Viele commanding. New Hampshire Third, on the *Atlantic*; New York Forty-sixth, on the *Daniel Webster*; New York Forty-seventh, on the *Roanoke*; New York Forty-eighth, on the *Empire City*; Maine Eighth, on the *Ariel*.

Second Brigade—General Stevens commanding. Roundhead Pennsylvania, five companies Pennsylvania Fiftieth, on the *Ocean Queen*; five companies Pennsylvania Fiftieth, Michigan Eighth, New York Seventy-ninth, on the *Vanderbilt*.

Third Brigade—General H. Wight commanding. New Hampshire Fourth, on the *Baltic*; Connecticut Sixth, on the *Marion* and *Parkersburgh*; Connecticut Seventh, on the *Illinois*; Maine Ninth, on the *Coatzacoalcos*.

Division and Staff, on the *Atlantic*.

In addition to these troops, we learn that quite as many more join the expedition at Old Point, having been quietly shipped to that end at New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

Where they are to strike no one outside yet knows.

The following extract from a private letter marks the progress of the expedition and the spirit of the men:

OFF FORTRESS MONROE, ON BOARD THE *Vanderbilt, Oct.* 22, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,—We have just cast anchor here, and form one of an immense fleet destined for—where? I have just counted seventy-five vessels, large and small, and there are more than that here; but I got tired of counting. How long we will remain here, or where we are going, are mysteries which we can not solve, and with which, I suppose, we have no business; as we must look upon ourselves only as machines. I heard a laughable illustration of this idea last night: A soldier was on sentry at a certain point of the vessel, and when she began to heave he ran considerable risk of his life; he was warned of his danger by a comrade, and his reply was, "Well, if they put me here to be killed it's their business, not mine: as, if I go, the Government will lose a first-rate soldier!" The coolness and spirit of the remark gave rise to many a hearty laugh wherever it was repeated through the ship.

I take this opportunity of writing to you, as the Lord only knows when I may have another chance, if ever. General Stevens, at a meeting of the officers yesterday, told us that we might look out for sharp work, and that we were going to do *a very signal service* to the Government. Well, so let it be. Wherever he leads the Seventy-ninth will follow—"do or die!"

If you can find out where the regiment is, will you be so kind as send me a paper once in a while—the *Weekly*, if practicable. I like to see it very much, for "auld lang syne," as its familiar face seems like a visit from an old friend.

THE ATTACK ON OUR SQUADRON AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON page 717 we illustrate the recent ATTACK OF THE REBEL COMMODORE HOLLINS ON OUR SQUADRON at the Southwest Pass in the Mississippi River. The event, shorn of fictitious embellishments, is thus described:

An attack was made on the night of the 12th inst. on the United States fleet lying at anchor near the Southwest Pass by the rebel fleet, consisting of six gun-boats, the battering-ram *Manassas*, and a large number of fire-ships, which filled the river from shore to shore. The United States fleet consisted of the United States steamers *Richmond*, *Huntsville*, *Water Witch*, sloops-of-war *Preble* and *Vincennes*, and store-ship *Nightingale*. The fleet when attacked were at anchor inside the Southwest Pass. The ram *Manassas* came down and drifted foul of the *Richmond*, knocking a hole in her quarter and stern, doing but little damage. To avoid the fire-ships the squadron immediately got under weigh and drifted down the river.

The *Richmond*, *Preble*, and *Vincennes* got ashore on the bar (the *Nightingale* also went ashore), and while ashore were attacked by the rebels, but without doing any damage to the vessels in any respect; but one shot took effect, and that struck the *Richmond* on the quarter. The rebels were beaten off by the *Vincennes* with two guns, she having hove overboard the rest of her armament, with her chains, anchors, etc., to lighten her, as she was very much exposed to the rebel fire.

The squadron had no one killed or wounded. The *Richmond*, *Preble*, and *Vincennes* were towed off the next day by the steamship *M'Clellan*, which opportunely arrived. She received considerable damage to her stern frame in getting them off. The *Nightingale* remained ashore when the *M'Clellan* left. It was expected that she would be got off next day by the aid of the steamers connected with the fleet.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE USES OF PROSPERITY.—Prosperity has its "sweet uses" as well as adversity, for no sooner does a man come into a little property than he instantly learns the number of his friends; whereas, if he remained poor, the chances are that he would have died in perfect ignorance of the fact.

MEM. BY A MISANTHROPE.—To enjoy a favor thoroughly, never curry it.

Why is the glance of a maternal parent like an Egyptian soldier?—Because it's a mamma-look.

THE APPLES OF VANITY.

O Vanity! thy lust of dress
  Is as the hunger of a dog.
No beast exceeds thy vast excess;
  No glutton, alderman, or hog.
Horse-leech more suction doth not crave:
Thou art insatiate as the grave.

What bounds thy ravage can contain?
  Our orchards must their fruit produce,
That Manchester may better stain
  Thy cotton trappings with their juice:
So we shall have no apples left,
And of our cider be bereft.

Thou idiot Vice, whose mean delight
  Lies in the thought of being seen,
In gay habiliments bedight,
  Distended by thy Crinoline:
What is there thou wouldst not devour
Just in thy hat to stick a flower?

Ah! couldst thou, from the very grape,
  Squeeze out a novel purple dye
To color thy confounded crape
  So as to catch the public eye,
Thou'dst spoil the true Burgundian vine
Itself, and rob us of our wine.

HUMILIATING SPECTACLE.—The following remark was made by a Swell inspecting through his eye-glass a very small infant exhibited to him, at the instance of its father, by its nurse: "Welcome, little Stwangeaw! Baby, singulaw queechaw! Of cawse, A was once a baby myself. Ought to make a fella humble—the ideaw of having evaw been sa match like a puppy!"

A SCOTCH laird, at his death, left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together for many years. At length one said to the other, "Tam, we're getting auld now; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share of the grund." "Na, John, you're the youngest and maist active, you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share." "Od," says John, "Tam, that's just the way wi' you when there's ony 'fash or trouble,' the de'il a thing you'll do at a'."

The man who follows the sea thinks he shall get up with it one of these days.

"Why do you wear your hair so long?" asked a student of his companion, whose locks fell over his brow. "Because I haven't time to get it cut," was the reply. "I might as well ask why is your head so bald?" "My dear fellow," said the other, "I haven't time to let mine grow."

"Douglas, dear," said a wife, appealing to her husband in a small feminine dispute, "do you think I am generally bad-tempered?" "No, my dear," says he, "I think you are particularly so."

"Jim, I believe that Sam's got no truth in him." "You don't know, nigga; dere's more truth in dat nigga dan in all de rest on de plantation." "How do you make dat?" "Why, he never lets any out."

OPPOSITES IN LOVE.—Love is made up of contraries; a fair woman, they say, best loves a dark man; a tall man generally selects a little woman for a wife; and the portly dame admires to tuck a pigmy spouse beneath her sheltering arm; the mild and timid girl turns with delight to the bold and sparkling lover; the ancient crone sighs for the blooming youth; and the wisest seek in the society of the weakest the pleasing relaxation from the austere duties of the bar, the senate, or the state.

"Does your dog take to the water?" said a gentleman to a rustic, who had a water-spaniel following him. "Why, yes, Sir, if they put meal in it," was the reply.

CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY.—On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, a large number of the ladies immediately rose.

'Tis a very ancient saying,
  Time till now has proved it true:
"Do unto all your neighbors
  As you would have them do to you."
But another saying now prevails,
  Of an entirely different hue:
"Be sure and *do* your neighbors,
  Or they'll certainly *do* you."

The boy who lost his balance on the roof found it on the ground shortly afterward.

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

A ragged little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trowsers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scape-grace took the garments, and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch-pocket!"

When is a lane very unlike an action at law?—When you can see the end from the beginning.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

AN INSPIRING SIGHT FOR A GLAZIER.—The early dawn, when it breaks in the windows.

The value of spirituous liquors is always overrated, but every body knows that water naturally finds its level.

"Goodness me!" cried a nice old lady, the other day, "if the world does come to an end next year, what shall I do for snuff?"

"I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been a moderate good master to you, John." "Very moderate, Sir," said John.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

A country paper says—"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old!"

A "Settler," in Australia, was taken before a justice very drunk, and instead of answering the questions put to him, he persistently spluttered out, "Your Honor is very—wise—y-y-our Honor is very wise." Being unable to get any other answer, the justice ordered him to be locked up till next day, when he was again brought up. "Why, John," said the justice, "you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answer you made was: 'Your Honor's very wise.'" "Did I say so?" quoth the defendant? "then I must have been drunk indeed."

Two Dutchmen, living opposite each other, who had for many years been in the habit of smoking by their door-sides in silence, at length broke forth into the following dialogue: "What sort of wedder you tink it will be to-day, neighbor?" The other, after two or three hasty puffs, "Well, I don't know; what sort of wedder you tink it will be?" The first, somewhat nettled, "I tink it will be such wedder as you tink it will be." The other, acquiescingly, "Well, I tink so too."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—Dr. A——, physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct as to raise his choler so as to draw from him this expression—"Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my feelings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours*."

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length angrily told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing, when he was met with the reply, "I will give your lordship £200 if you will stop it for me."

Some days ago a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family; he finally wound up by saying, "Rosa, I don't love you." "Ah, but you've *got to love me*," said the child. How so?" asked her tormentor. "Why," answered Rosa, "the Bible says you must love them that hate *you*, and I am sure I hate you."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What pupil gets most punishment?

The pupil of the eye, for it is continually under the lash.

My first denotes a brilliant place,
Where belles and jewels shine;
My next transports the merchant's stores,
Or produce of the mine;
Sweet pleasures in my whole abound
Apart from worldly strife,
By nymphs and swains I'm always found
The happiest part of life.

Courtship.

Those who have me not, do not wish for me;
Those who have me, do not wish to lose me;
Those who gain me, have me no longer.

Law-suit.

Why is a laundress the greatest traveler in the world?

Because she is constantly crossing the line, and going from pole to pole.

Why is Jenny Lind like a good mutton-chop?

Because she is neither greasy (Grisi) nor all bony (Alboni).

Why are very old people necessarily prolix and tedious?

Because they dilate (die late).

Where is happiness always to be found?

In the dictionary.

Why should a tailor have all sorts of filth thrown to him?

Because he is a common sewer.

Why ought not people to starve in the deserts of Egypt?

On account of the sandwiches (sand which is) there.

But how came the sand which is there?

Because Ham was there, and his descendants mustered and bred (mustard and bread).

WORCESTER, *Oct.* 21, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

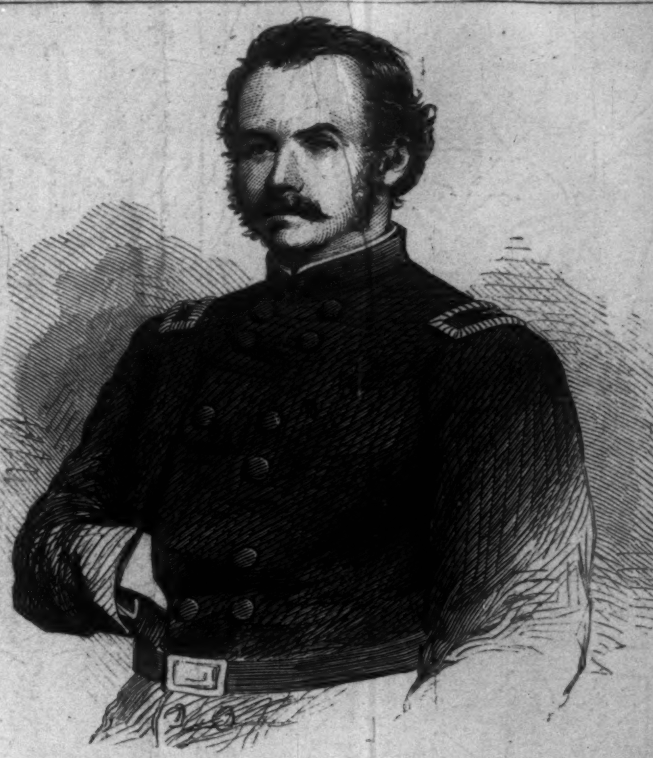
DEAR SIR,—I saw in your paper a few weeks ago the following:

"What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar?—One issues his manifestoes, and the other manifests his toes."

That is good as far as it goes, but there is not enough of it. 'Tis this:

One issues his manifestoes, and the other manifests his toes without his shoes. Yours, etc., READER.

COLONEL DEVENS, FIFTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, OF KENTUCKY.—[DRAWN BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

THE ADVANCE UPON LEESBURG.

ON this page we publish an illustration of the CAMP OF A VIRGINIAN REGIMENT near Leesburg, Virginia, and a portrait of COL. DEVENS, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment; and on page 708 an engraving showing OUR ARMY AT EDWARD'S FERRY, preparing to cross the Potomac.

General Stone crossed the Potomac on 21st on a pontoon bridge with 8000 men. Our illustration represents his army gathering at the Ferry before crossing. At the same time a portion of the army crossed the river higher up with less success. The following extract from a letter in the *Herald* describes the affair:

Colonel Devens, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment, having received orders to advance with a detachment of his regiment to the Virginia shore, reinforcements having been promised him in case he should be attacked in force, made preparations accordingly, and on Monday morning last at one o'clock he crossed with five companies, viz.: Company A, Captain Rockwood; Company C, Captain Bowman; Company G, Captain Walter Forehand: Company H, Captain Chase Philbrick; and Company I, Captain George C. Joslin—in all about three hundred and fifty men—to an island in the Potomac called Harrison's Island. The passage to this place was effected in flat-boats. Arrived at the island, where Company H had been on picket duty for a week previously, Colonel Devens was informed by Captain Philbrick, who had been making a reconnoissance a short time before of the Virginia shore, that the enemy was not in sight. He then ordered his men to cross to the shore, which act they accomplished by means of one flat-boat and one metallic boat—a process both slow and tedious.

Colonel Devens landed on the shore without molestation, and proceeded to within about a mile of Leesburg without meeting the enemy. He then threw out Company H, Captain Philbrick, as skirmishers, who soon encountered a company of rebels, belonging to one of the Mississippi regiments. Captain Philbrick fired upon them a volley, which the enemy returned, and then retreated, when Colonel Devens fell back to his first position on landing, and kept up a sort of skirmishing and bush fighting against 1500 to 1800 rebels for some hours. About one o'clock P.M. reinforcements came up, under command of Brigadier-General Baker, with two howitzers and one brass twelve-pounder. The reinforcements consisted of a part of the Twentieth Massachusetts, Colonel Lee; the New York Tammany regiment, and a part of the California regiment—in all about 1700 men. In the mean time the enemy had been immensely reinforced from Leesburg, to the number of between 5000 and 8000 men. The fighting was kept up until dark, having commenced about seven in the morning, with great loss on both sides. The Union forces were compelled to retreat, and to avoid leaving their guns and equipments in the hands of the enemy, they threw them into the river by order of their commanders. A large number of the Union men plunged into the river, and were shot while attempting to swim across. The enemy's cavalry made but one charge, and with that exception the whole battle was a bush fight, both sides exhibiting great bravery. The enemy's loss is large—supposed to be about 500. They were thoroughly sheltered by the woods. All about our artillery were shot down. Our guns were spiked and thrown into the river.

Colonel Devens was struck by a musket ball, and his life saved by the ball striking square upon one of the metallic buttons on his coat.

In a word, our army was driven back with heavy loss. Out of 1900 men who crossed the river, 700 were killed or missing, and 160 are wounded in hospital. History affords few examples of such slaughter. General M'Clellan, in an order of the day referring to the battle, thanks the troops engaged, and adds:

The gallantry and discipline there displayed deserved a more fortunate result; but situated as those troops were, cut off alike from retreat and reinforcements, and attacked by an overwhelming force of from five thousand to seven thousand, it was not possible that the issue could be successful. Under happier auspices such devotion will insure victory. The General Commanding feels increased confidence in the troops composing General Stone's division.

Our portrait of Colonel Devens is from a photograph sent us from Worcester, Massachusetts. It was taken just before the Colonel left New England on the three months' campaign as major of the 3d battalion of Massachusetts Rifles. All are agreed that Colonel Devens established his reputation as a soldier by his conduct at this battle. Of the performance of his regiment, a correspondent of the *Times* says:

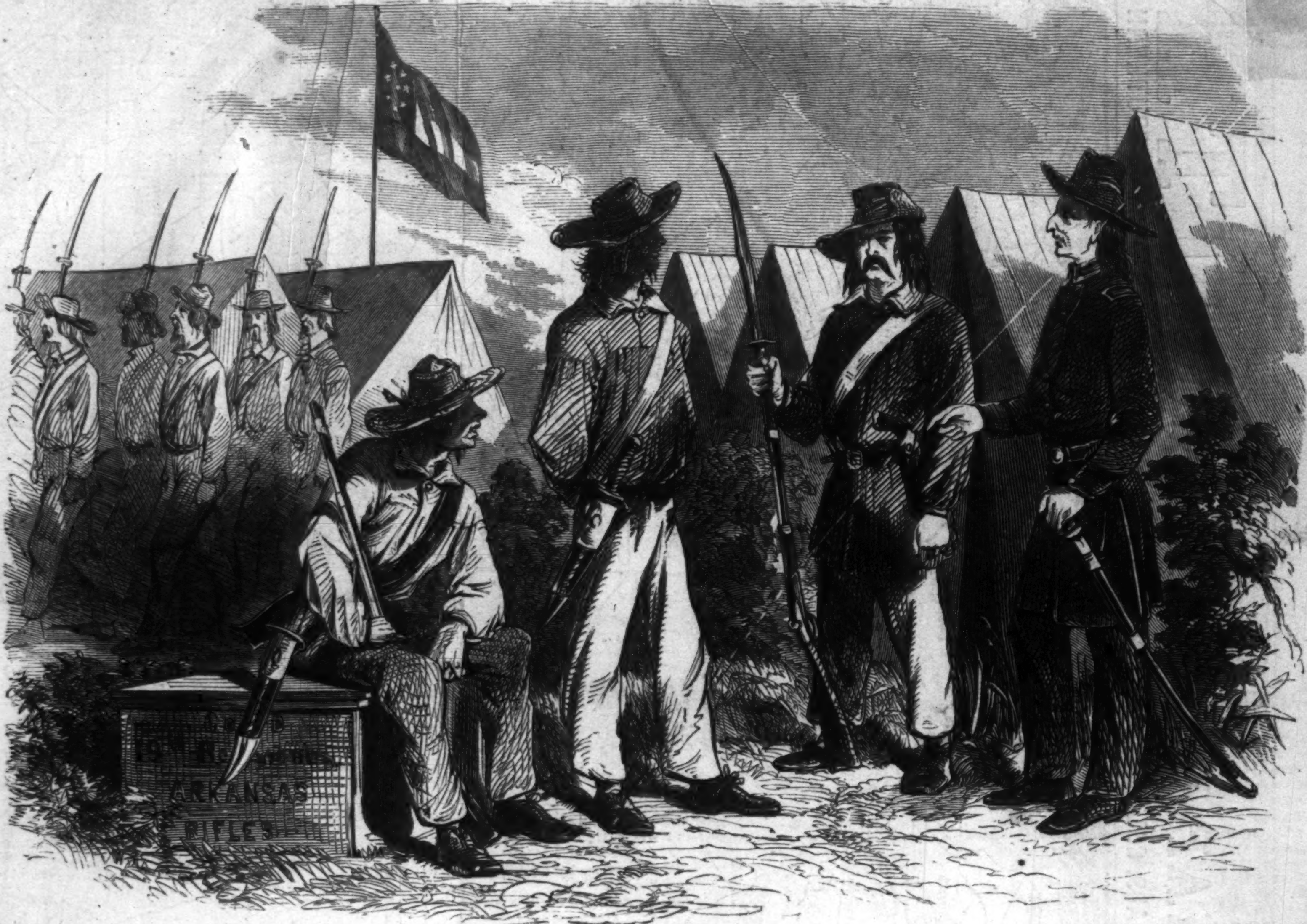
If the report of the evolutions which took place under fire is correct, it is worth noting; especially the transfer of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment from left to right in perfect order, while in full retreat, and pressed by a victorious enemy, is certainly one of the most remarkable events that has occurred during this war. Their Colonel must have had unbounded confidence in them, or he never would have dared to have given the order. The oldest veterans can do nothing better than this. Such conduct is the last point of perfection reached by veterans after thorough drill, combined with long experience in the field of battle. I should have said, without the least hesitation, that the order for such a movement, while in retreat and under fire, to any volunteer regiment which had been only a few months in the field, would have been equivalent to an order to "break ranks." If the report be true, I doubt not the fact will receive honorable mention at the proper time. Such an example is worth more than the mere looker-on would at first suppose. It is most suggestive, and sets one thinking.

The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments are officered chiefly by young Harvard men, fresh from a life of wealth and ease; they showed at this battle the grit that is in them, and justified the *Lounger's* motto, "*New England never Runs!*"

GEN. LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, whose portrait we publish herewith, was born in 1818, near Benjamin Logan's celebrated station, or fort, in Lincoln County, Kentucky. He is descended from a Huguenot family, who fled from persecution at home, and settled in America at a very early day. His father died when young Rousseau was but thirteen years old, leaving a large and dependent family. The subject of this sketch enjoyed but few advantages of early education. He is emphatically a self-made man. In 1840 he removed near Louisville, and began the study of law without an instructor. Subsequently he settled in Indiana, where he was elected successively to the State Legislature and Senate. He commanded a company in the Mexican war, and fought gallantly at the battle of Buena Vista. In 1849 he returned to Louisville, and rose rapidly to distinction at a bar rich in ability. He was a member of the Kentucky State Senate at the time our present national troubles began, and immediately took a bold and decided stand in favor of the Government. In June, 1861, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and applied for a commission to raise volunteers. Against the remonstrances and determined opposition of nearly all the prominent men of Kentucky he succeeded in raising two splendid regiments, composed entirely of Kentuckians, called the Louisville Legion. It was those troops, aided by a battalion of Home Guards from Louisville, that lately saved that city from falling into the hands of the rebels. Rousseau and Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, are to-day the saviours of Louisville and of Kentucky. General Rousseau has just been promoted to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

CAMP IN THE WOODS NEAR LEESBURG, LOUDON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.—VIRGINIA INFANTRY.



ARKANSAS TROOPS NOW UNDER BEAUREGARD, IN VIRGINIA.

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OUR FLEET AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI, ATTACKED BY HOLLINS'S FLEET OF FIRE-SHIPS ON OCTOBER 12, 1861.—[See Page 714.]

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SAILING OF THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

THE great naval and military expedition which has been for some time preparing and assembling from different points, and of which we have published several illustrations, sailed from Hampton Roads on 27th for its destination. The squadron is composed of no less than a hundred vessels. The naval portion is under the command of Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, and the military portion is commanded by General Thomas W. Sherman. The appearance of this fleet as it left Fortress Monroe is described as one of the most magnificent scenes in the annals of American history.

SPRINGFIELD RETAKEN.

Springfield was again occupied by the National troops on Saturday evening, and the retreat of the rebel Price, with his army, is thus cut off, and he will be forced either to give battle, with the certainty of defeat, or to surrender. The occupation of Springfield was preceded by one of the most brilliant achievements which have yet marked the progress of the war. Major Segoyne, at the head of General Frémont's body-guard, made a charge upon a body of the enemy, upward of two thousand strong, drawn up in line of battle at their camp near the town. He completely routed them, and cleared them from the vicinity, after which he hoisted the National flag on the court-house, and then retired temporarily, to await a reinforcement which soon joined him.

AFFAIR AT ROMNEY.

General Kelly, the hero of Philippi, having sufficiently recovered from the serious wound received there to resume active operations, has again made his mark against the rebels. He marched from New Creek, in Hampshire County, on Friday night last, and attacked the enemy at Romney on Saturday afternoon, routing them and capturing many prisoners, together with three pieces of cannon and all their wagons and camp equipage. The rebels, in their precipitate retreat, took the road toward Winchester. The National loss was but trifling.

EXTENSION OF OUR LINES.

General Heintzelman, whose Division constitutes the extreme left, resting on the Potomac, is gradually extending his pickets further toward the rebel positions down the river, while the Excelsior Brigade, on the other side of the river, is making a corresponding movement.

CLOSING OF THE POTOMAC.

The rebels have now a continuous line of batteries from Matthias Point to Freestone Point, and the navigation of the Potomac has ceased for the present. Emboldened by the success of the rebel batteries in interrupting the navigation of the Potomac for national vessels, the rebel steamer *George Page*, which has for months been lying up Aquia Creek awaiting her opportunity, has now ventured out upon the Potomac. She was cruising between Shipping Point and Evansport on Wednesday afternoon, crowded with men, and ran over to the Maryland shore once, throwing a couple of shell toward the position of the Excelsior Brigade. All the Government transports, it is understood, have gone round to Annapolis, and supplies are now forwarded to Washington from that point.

It is asserted, as we close this record, that the rebels have no batteries at Matthias Point.

THE HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

On 23d the President instructed the Marshal for the District of Columbia not to serve writs on the Provost Marshal, but return them to the Court with the explanation that the President has, for the present, suspended the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases relating to the military for reasons of public necessity.

ZOLLICOFFER DEFEATED.

On 20th October the rebel Zollicoffer made an attack on Camp Wild Cat, about forty miles below Camp Dick Robinson, in Kentucky. Zollicoffer's force numbered 6000 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and one battery of artillery. The first attack was made about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at two points, and was gallantly repulsed by the National troops under Colonels Garrard and Schaft. Another attack was made about 1 o'clock in the afternoon which was also repulsed, and a scattering fire was kept up until 3, when Zollicoffer drew off. The National forces numbered only 3000, but they had a decided advantage in the position.

BATTLE NEAR PILOT KNOB.

A rather important battle took place last week at Frederickton, near Pilot Knob, in Missouri. Colonel Plummer, with detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, attacked and completely routed 5000 rebels under Generals Jeff Thompson and Lowe. The latter was killed, together with a large number of the enemy—how many it is not stated. The loss on our side was five killed, five severely wounded, and twenty slightly wounded. The National troops behaved splendidly, each detachment striving to excel the others in acts of bravery.

CONVICTION OF A PRIVATEER.

The trial in Philadelphia of Walter W. Smith, one of the crew of the late privateer *Jeff Davis*, captured on board the *Enchantress*, was concluded on 25th, and resulted in his conviction of the crime of piracy. The Jury was out but half an hour.

REGULARS COMING FROM THE PACIFIC.

The *Alta Californian* of October 2, notices the receipt of orders by General Sumner to dispatch at once to the East the entire force of regulars on the Pacific coast. This force numbers 3200 men. It will take a month to collect it from its scattered posts. Volunteer forces are to garrison the forts from which they are withdrawn.

THE ELLSWORTH AVENGERS.

The People's Ellsworth Regiment, Colonel Stryker, arrived in Washington on 25th from Albany. The regiment numbers 1060 rank and file, and is fully armed, equipped, and uniformed. None of the men are over thirty years of age, and all of them are unmarried.

STRENGTH OF THE UNION ARMY.

From reliable sources the *Herald* has compiled a table showing the number of troops each loyal State has now in the field or on their way to the seat of war;

States.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total.
Connecticut	4,188	100	—	4,288
Illinois	41,000	8,000	—	49,000
Indiana	30,000	2,000	500	32,500
Iowa	16,100	3,600	—	19,700
Kansas	4,000	1,000	200	5,200
Massachusetts	29,000	—	350	29,350
Maine	8,000	1,200	—	9,200
Michigan	18,784	5,800	300	24,884
Minnesota	3,000	—	—	3,000
New York	85,000	5,000	500	90,500
New Jersey	9,000	—	—	9,000
New Hampshire	5,000	—	200	5,200
Ohio	63,000	3,500	600	67,100
Pennsylvania	51,000	4,000	800	55,800
Rhode Island	2,628	—	750	3,378
Vermont	5,000	100	—	5,100
Wisconsin	10,000	1,200	1100	12,300
Total	384,700	35,500	5300	425,500

In addition to the above there are the State and Government troops in Kentucky and Missouri, which may be estimated as follows:

	Government.	State.
Missouri	10,000	25,000
Kentucky	8,000	20,000
Total	18,000	45,000

There are also five thousand volunteers raised in California, five thousand in Maryland, one thousand six hundred in Delaware, and two thousand in the District of Columbia, besides ten thousand regulars, which, added together, will show the Union land forces to number *five hundred and twelve thousand men.*

THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.

The people of Northwestern Virginia (the 39 counties now openly adhering to the Union) voted last week on the question of being set off from the Old Dominion and formed into the new State of Kanawha. So far as we have returns, a large majority voted for the new State.

COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

The Pacific Telegraph was completed to San Francisco on 24th, and messages now pass freely between New York and that distant point on the Pacific coast. The first dispatch sent over the line was from Stephen J. Field, Chief-Justice of California, to President Lincoln.

UNION FEELING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Rev. Mr. Conway, Chaplain of the Ninth New York Volunteers, arrived at Washington on 25th, from Hatteras Inlet, whence he was dispatched by General Williams to the President, informing him of the loyal feeling of the citizens of Hyde County, North Carolina, and bringing with him a declaration of independence of the people of that county, announcing themselves forever free and independent of the Rebel Confederacy, together with a request for arms for their defense. They are represented as suffering terribly—almost to the point of starvation—from the despotism of the rebel army.

REBELS GOING HOME.

Reports from Kentucky, by way of Cairo, inform us that a large portion of the rebel forces lately at Columbus, under General Polk, have been sent to New Orleans and Mobile, in anticipation, probably, of a descent upon those places by the great naval expedition which has already sailed, or is about to sail.

THE DEFENSES OF NEW ORLEANS.

A Doctor Bradley, a Southern refugee, just arrived at Washington, reports that great preparations are making at New Orleans to resist invasion by the National forces. Four 32-pounders had been planted on the Custom-house, which commands the river for some distance, and guns of smaller calibre had been placed upon the roofs of other buildings not so strongly constructed. Light draft boats had been assigned to duty on Lake Pontchartrain. Dr. Bradley states that Confederate currency in many parts of the South has already depreciated thirty per cent.

WHEREABOUTS OF MESSRS. SLIDELL AND MASON.

A vessel just arrived from the West Indies brings intelligence that the rebel steamship *Theodora* arrived at Cardenas, Cuba, direct from Charleston, with Mason and Slidell on board, *en route* for Europe. The French Consul and family were also in the *Theodora*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

MOVEMENTS OF ROYAL PERSONAGES.

The King of Prussia enjoyed a very agreeable reception from Napoleon at Compeigne. King Francis the Second (ex), of Naples, will not be represented at the coronation of the King of Prussia. The Queen of Madagascar is dead. Her son has been proclaimed King, and he has formally demanded a French protectorate.

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1861.
WITH A FULL INDEX.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
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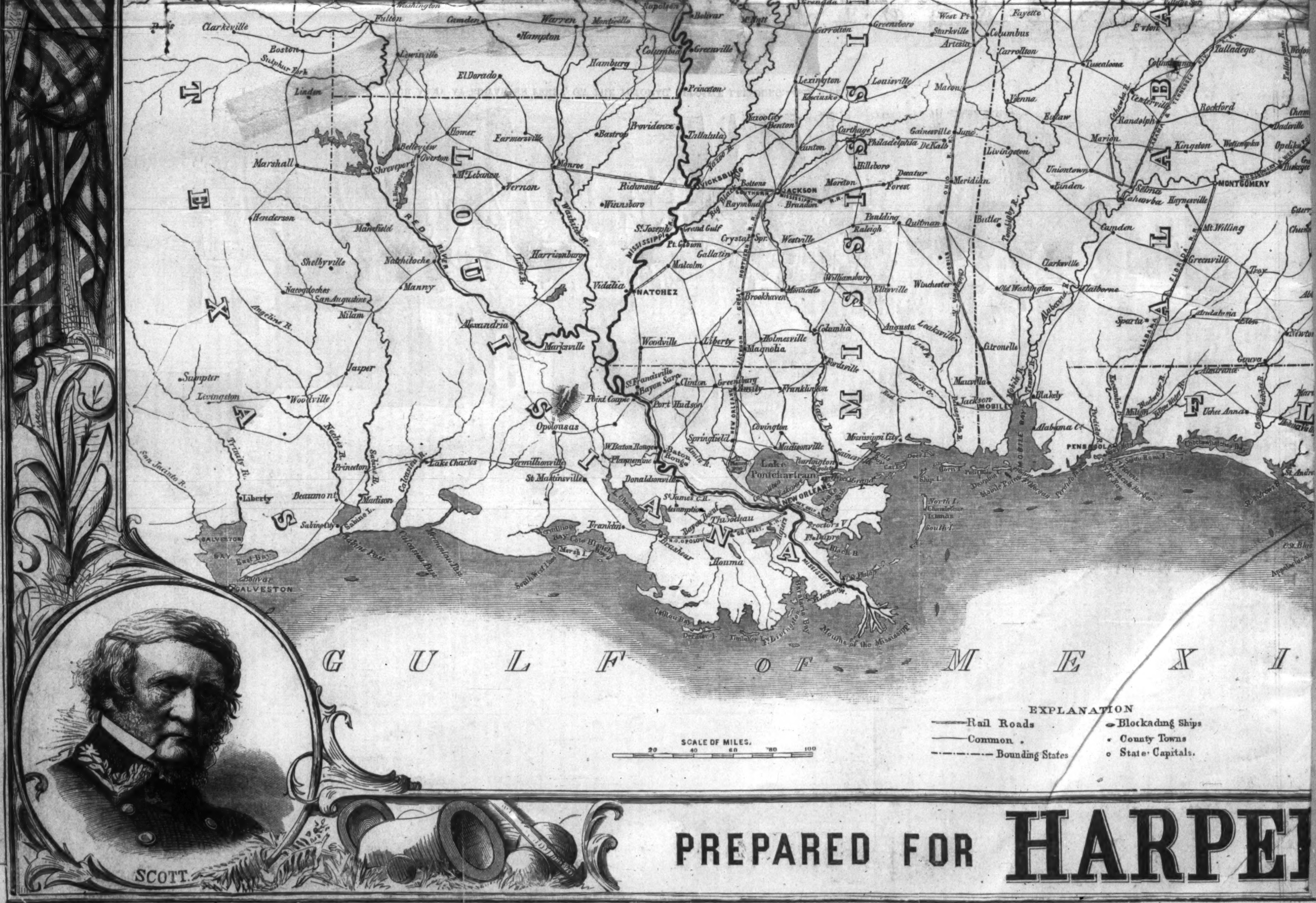
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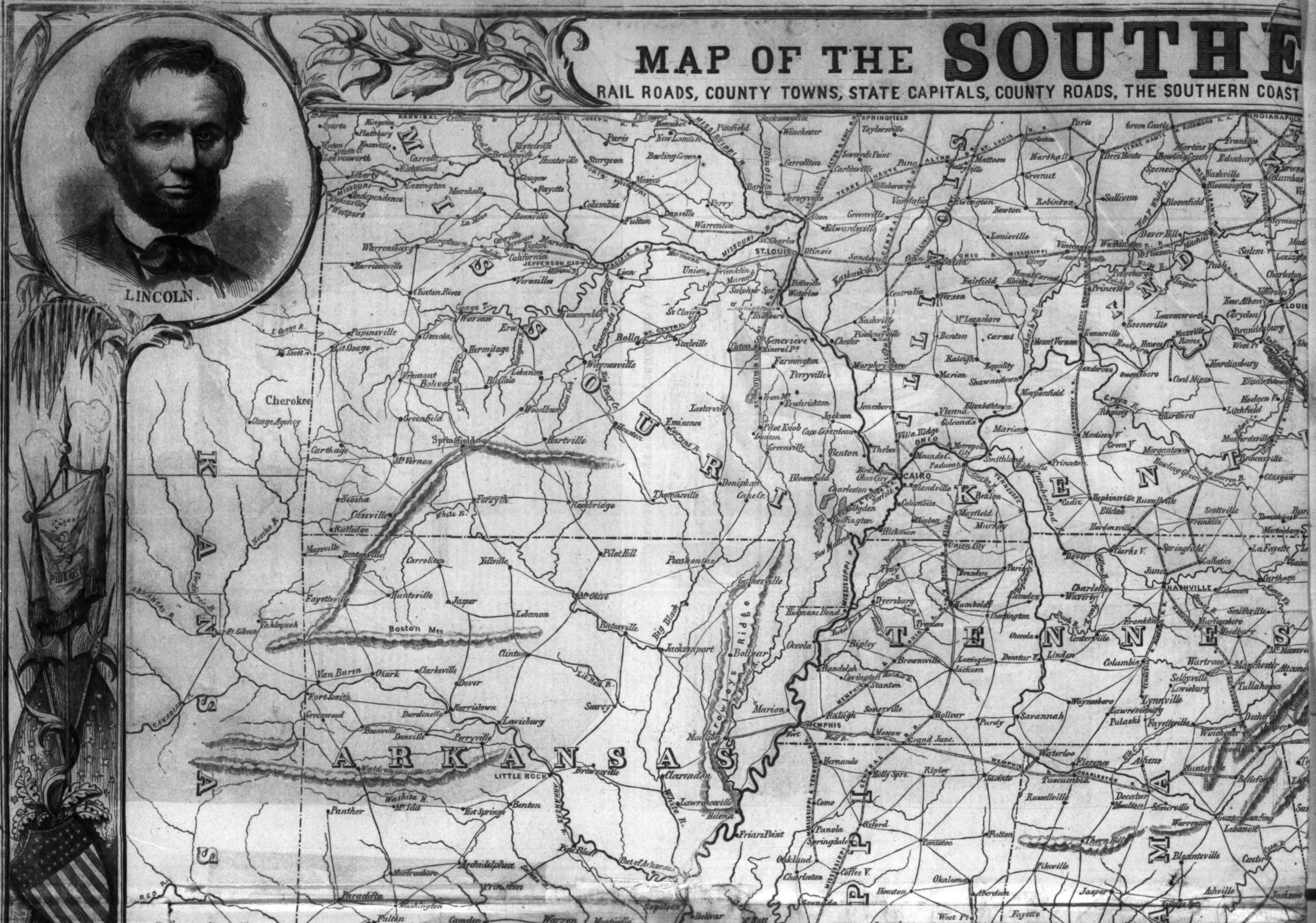
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ARKANSAS
Boston Mts
Crowley's Ridge
LITTLE ROCK
ST. LOUIS
MEMPHIS
NASHVILLE
CAIRO
Cherokee

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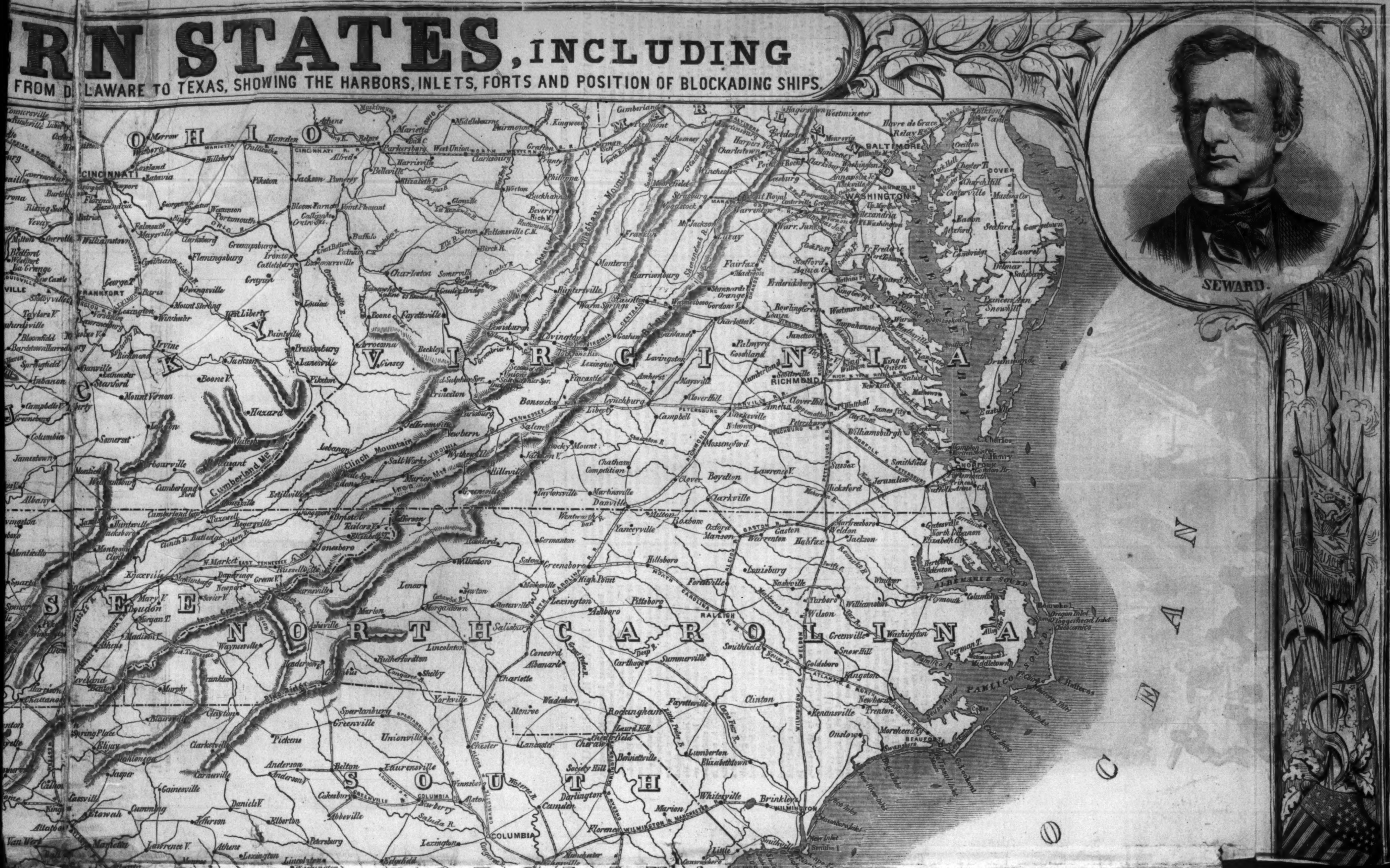
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CINCINNATI
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DELAWARE BAY
ALBEMARLE SOUND
PAMLICO SOUND
Cumberland Mts.
Clinch Mountain
Alleghany Mount
C. Hatteras